

AN ELEGY

On the Lamented Death of the most Illustrious Princess,
ANNE Dutches of YORK, &c.

Who departed this Life (after a long indisposition of body) upon Friday the Thirty first of March, 1671.

WHat ailes the Court? what is it It bemoans?
Each angle so abounds with sighs & groans:
Is this a Prologue to some Tragedy?
Or is the Worlds great Dissolution nigh?
Or doth one better then the VWorld now dye?

'Tis York's great Dutches dies; Death, thou'rt unkind
To crop the Flower, and leave the Weeds behind;
If thou thy soveraign power needs must show,
Go take whole Millions to the shades below
Of Common sort, let such thy power know.

But when to Princes Beds thou dost draw near,
To sway thy Scepter in their Royal Spheare,
Thou dost proclaim, that earthly Gods must die,
And in the dust with common Mortals lie,
As fatal objects of Mortalitie.

So fals the Cedar with the tender Grass,
So Heroes o're the Stygian Lake do pass,
VWith the poor Captive that doth to it creep;
Princes with Peasants quietly do sleep,
For Death his Court of Equitie doth keep.

Vertue no more must in this Sex be sought,
Save what i'th pattern of the Queen is taught.
For since this Princess bids the world adieu,
Vertue Astrea-like to Heaven flew,
And but one Royal Copy to pursue.

Nor can that Sex longer of Vertues boast,
Theirs are but Pebles to the Gemme they've lost,
And whilest with Foyles theirs but deceive the eye,
Hers Diamond-like through sable curtains prie,
And with new lustre now adorn the skie.

She now above Celestial Orbs doth shine,
Excelling their lustre, should they all combine;
And now in blessed Paradise is set
A Jewel fit for such a Cabinet:
May we by Her example thither get.

Nor need we fear shee'd visit us again,
If they proud of Her, did Her not detain,
VWith Halalujah's did Her Breath expire, (Quire,
And now with Saints she sings in Heavens blest
And big with praise, doth to that Throne aspire.

Into some doleful Grove let's now retire,
And there our grief-swell'd Lungs in sighs suspire;
Could but our Eyes to Seas converted be,
Wee'd soon exhale out that humiditie,
And draine them with our tears to siccitie.

That thence-from we may sacred water have
Enough to moisten the too early Grave
Of Her whose death hath struck us dead with fears,
For every one a Niobe appears,
Wee're all Heraclitus's by our tears.

Each Lady drowns with tears her sparkling Eyes,
Becoming Martyrs to Griets cruelties.
Thus all bemoan the loss of her whose State
Is now most happy, why should we blame our fate?
And weep in vain, since it is now too late.

Yet this we know, should Mortals but forbear
To speak her Vertues, and her Worth declare,
The Immortal Angels would her Merits tell,
And let the world know, how shethem excel,
But this, alas, the world knows too too well. 68.